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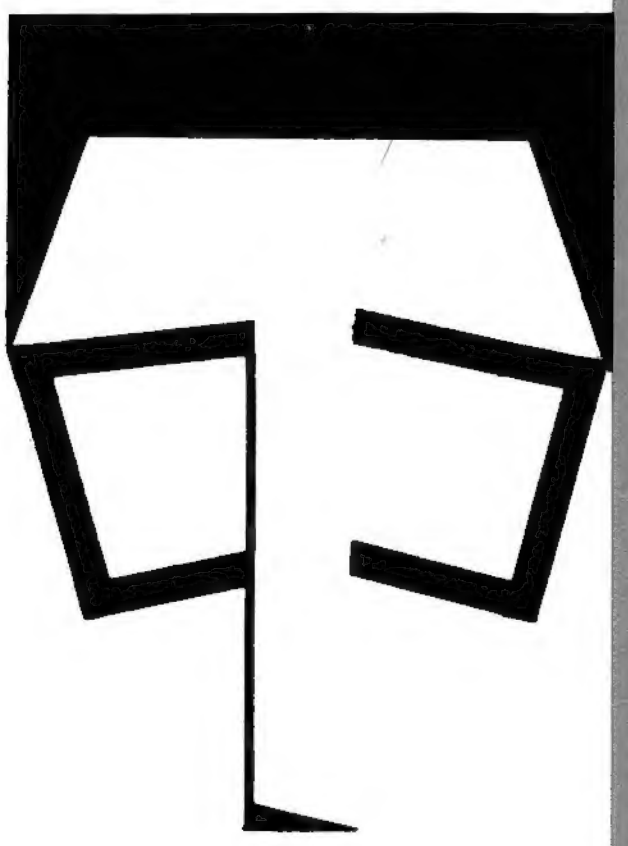
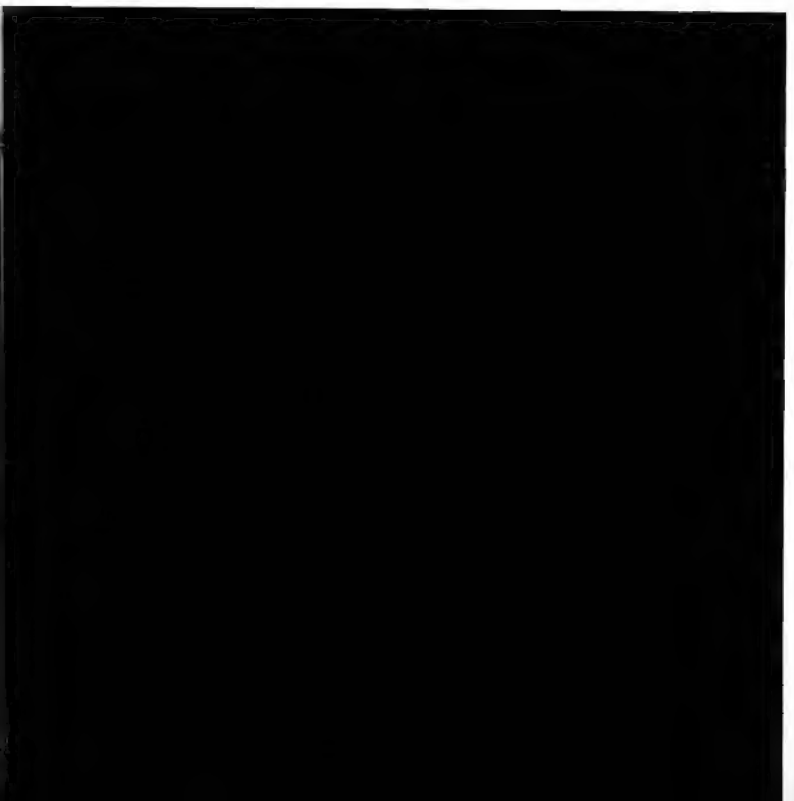
floyd farland™



CITIZEN OF THE FUTURE



floyd farland

CITIZEN OF THE FUTURE

by
Chris Ware

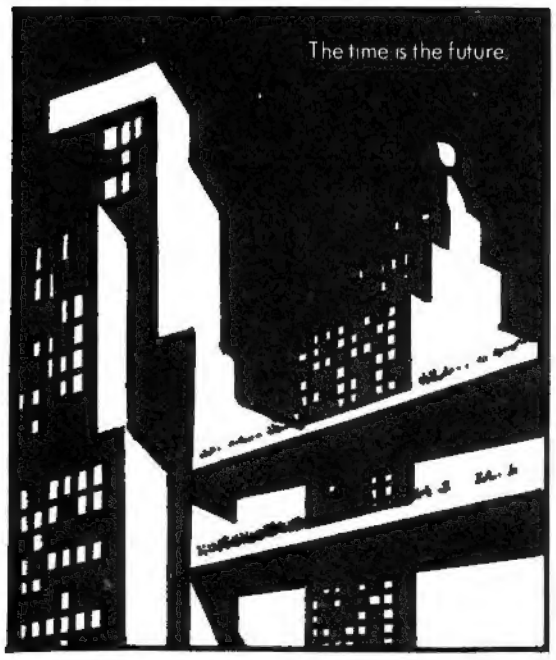
published by
Eclipse Books

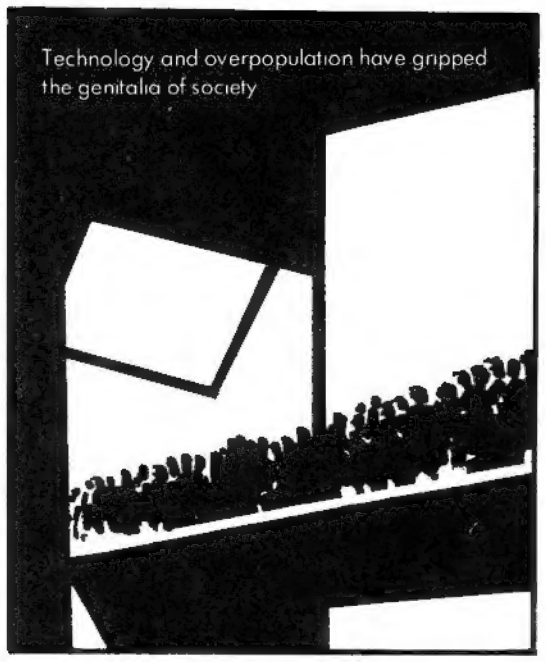
CITIZEN OF THE FUTURE

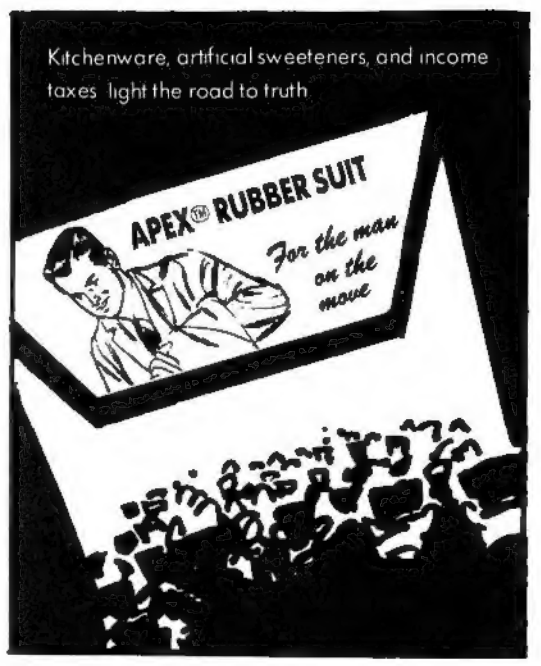
His story is all that is left.
And he already knows the ending.

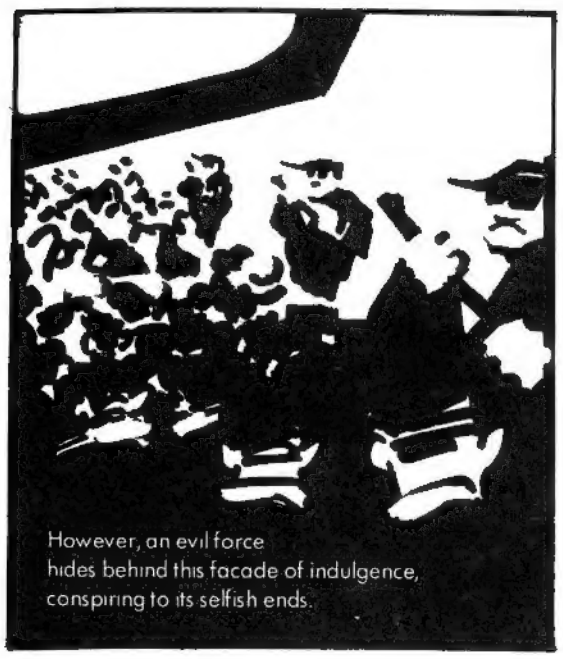
Floyd Farland-citizen of the future is published by Eclipse Books, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, California, 95436. Most work included in this book originally appeared in *The Daily Texan.* All contents ©1987 Chris Ware. *Floyd Farland*™ is a trademark of Chris Ware. All rights reserved. Thanks to those who helped get it done: Michelle, Mom, Fred, Curtis, Joel and David. Editor: Fred Burke; Editor-in-Chief: Catherine Yronwode; Publisher: Dean Mullaney ISBN 0-913035-21-1.

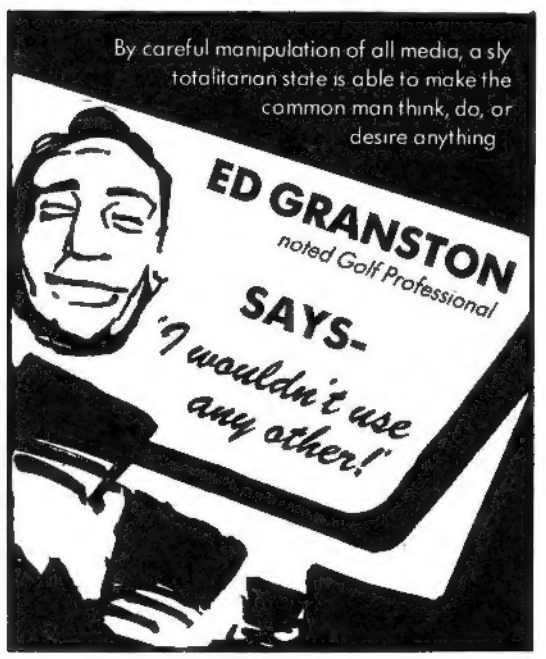
Part one: the error.

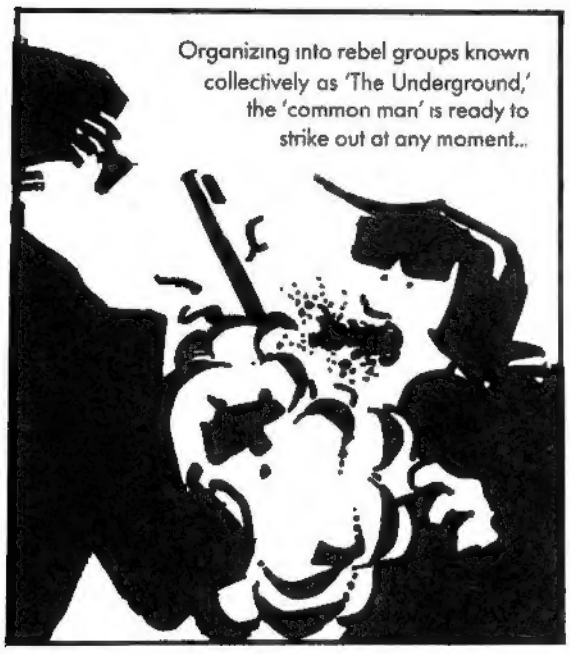


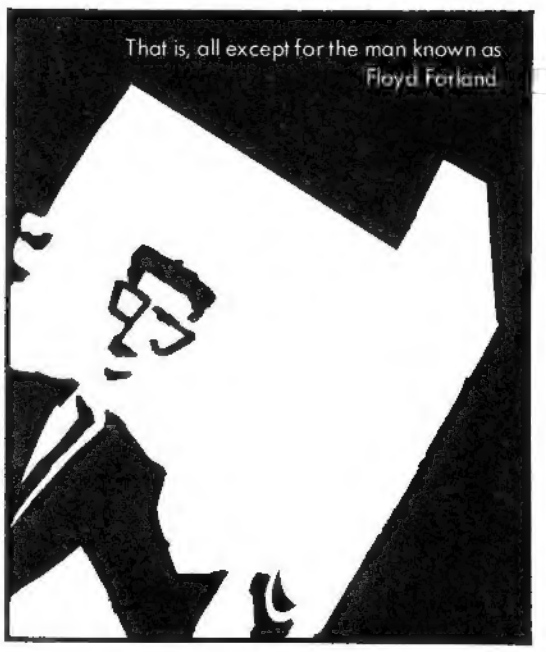


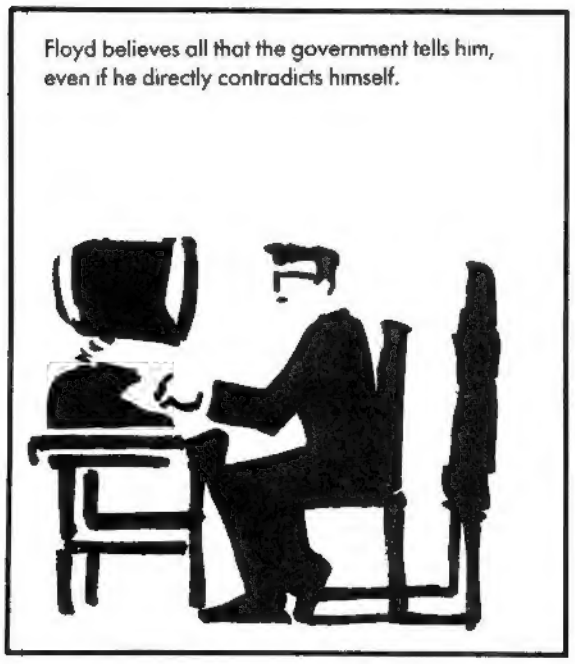


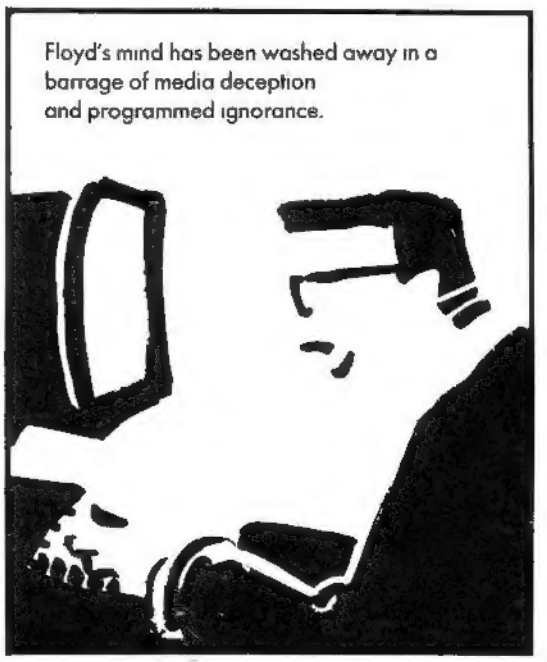



By careful manipulation of all media, a sly totalitarian state is able to make the common man think, do, or desire anything
ED GRANSTON
noted Golf Professional
SAYS-
"I wouldn't use any other!"









2 48 a m.

Floyd Farland, government population engineer, awaits the arrival of his comrade Bob for a late night tube of soup.

Bob is two hours late.

Cripes! My soup is already coagulated! He's only getting 15 more minutes...

Floyd, listen...

Bob! You're almost two hours late!

Floyd...
I'm in trouble with the police and they've followed me here...

My soup is congealed!

Listen... I have to deliver a message to The Underground, and I'm not going to make it. You're going to have to do it...

I know I can trust you...

What? Bob, You're a **rebel?**

Of course, isn't everyone? The world's gone to hell... taxation, poverty, media brainwashing...

Bob, I can't do this...

COME OUT AND WE'LL SHOOT YOU NOW

It's the cops...

Good luck, Floyd, I know you can

fup

And Floyd finishes his meal somewhat shaken, but not without dignity

Check, please...

Your change, sir. Have a good day.

Ummm...excuse me...

Pardon me, citizen, but isn't this change incorrect?

No, citizen, your meal was thirty and your friend's coffee was fifteen.

But my friend is **dead.**

I can't help that, sir.

My friend Bob and I have been coming to this same diner for thirteen years, and we've **always** paid by separate checks!

Fine, then let **him** pay for his coffee!

That's my **point!** It wasn't **my** coffee he bled in!

Are you **implying,** sir, that you are **refusing** payment of this check?

well...ummm...

POLICE! THIS REBEL FREAK IS CAUSING TROUBLE!

chunk

clik **clik**

God, that was impressive, sir! Good selfless work...You've got them fooled completely! **Long live the rebellion!**

DO NOT ENTER
Mind sift in progress

Increase frequency point oh-six cycles per second.

Nothing yet, sir...

THERE IS DIFFERENCE

Take sift to influence level twelve, recorder on.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

Subject trusts the media...

EVERYBODY LIKES Income Taxes

All opinions current...

Help Everyone To Help Yourself

All contradictions current...

Remember... Black People SUCK

All racial prejudices current...

Subject is a 100% washout, sir...no subversive thought patterns whatsoever...

Hmmm... that's strange.

Perhaps you should search his pockets, sir.

!!

Comrade, this man is a **dangerous** underground spy. **Apparently** the rebels have discovered a way to mask their agents' **thought patterns.**

Obviously, they did not expect implementation of our more **advanced** techniques.

Proceed with Operation **Mindrape.**

An auditorium

Welcome, comrades.

As you know, **mindrape** is an interrogation procedure which effectively removes **all** masking and protective mental coatings of the subversive mind...

The subject at hand represents a new breed of rebel spy, revealing nothing thus far...

...after mindrape, he will reveal **anything.**

His brain stem has been pierced by active electrodes which, in turn...

...are hooked up to a psycho-amplifier which multiplies signals from a violating source a thousandfold...

Proceed.

snap

But I've **always** liked cheese sandwiches.

Prison Journal of Farland, Floyd F.

Following my interrogation, I was brought to a brightly lit room which seemed to have no corners or walls, indeed no barriers of any kind...

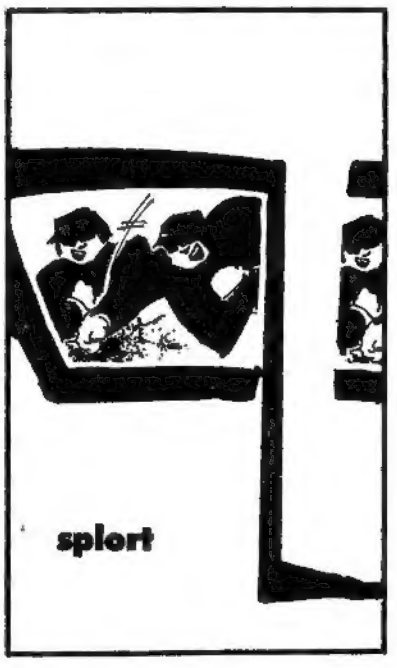
I found I was able to effectively pass the time by circling the cell and counting the number of times I was unable to find a door...

Ironically, it was upon suggestion of a prison guard that I decided to keep this record of my stay...

Day 3.

Unable to locate pen or paper, I was forced to resort to more primitive methods...

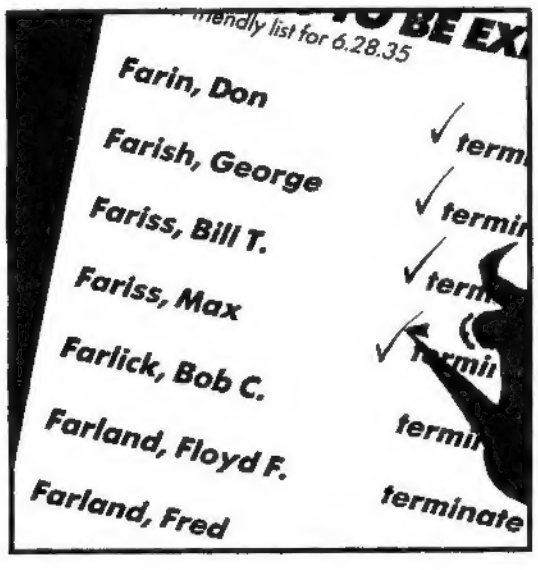
The guards here are considerate folks, always ready to entertain...

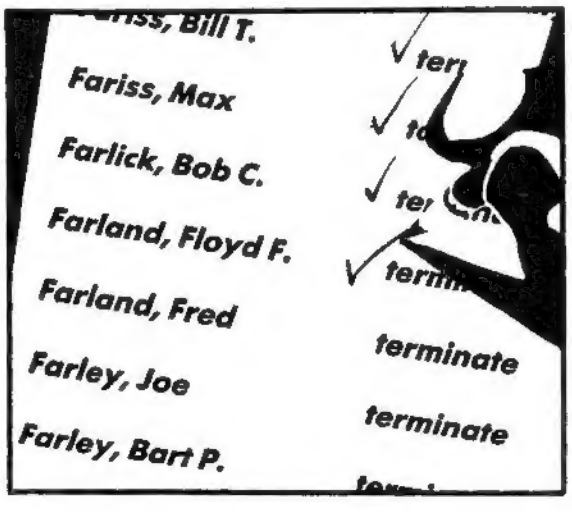


All in all, I have found my stay to be rather enjoyable...

...though I frequently suffer from annoying headaches and often vomit my food.

Despite these shortcomings, I have faith in my honest and caring hosts that they will have this trivial misunderstanding sorted out in no time and allow me to return to my duties...





Day 22.

Joyous news. -

Apparently I am to be released today. I was informed this morning by a pair of particularly amusing guards, who couched their message in facetious quips...

Hey, **slime!**

Guess what? You're gonna get to leave today!

Yeah! But you'll be doing it in a **jar!**

HA HA HA
HA HA HA

ha ha ha

Now I await my escort's arms to lead me out of this facility and back to my duties as population engineer...

saw
saw

I hope I haven't caused them too much trouble as a guest.

Hey!

Uh...your name Farland?

What? How did you get in here?

Sewers, man. I'm agent 169-XB. Special forces; subversive rescue division.

You're a **rebel?** Get out! They'll think I know you!

Hold on, man. I'm here to help you.

Uh, uh! I don't know you. HEAR THAT? I DON'T KNOW HIM!

Hold on, hold on. Nothing bad's gonna go down here. You're one important hombre.

What?

Hell, yes! You've penetrated government security, wiped out primo interrogation equipment, and **literally** turned the government upside-down. You've got the high-ups so scared they don't know what to do!

Man, you're a hero!

That's why I'm here to rescue you.

Rescue me? But you don't need to. As a matter of fact, I'm to be released today.

Who told you that?

brush brush

Two particularly jolly guards informed me...

Oh, **man**... they're gonna **pressurize** you.

I can't believe that. My hosts have been considerate.

Man! **Man!** You're a prisoner of the state! You know what that means? **Huh?** That means you in the box, a turn of the crank, and pop! Liquid!

Well, I for one **refuse** to believe such an outrageous claim and verbally chastise you for invading my personal time.

What?!

GUARDS! HELP! I'M BEING HASSLED BY A REBEL SPY!

Man, you're **really** weird.

fssss

clink

Subsequent entry, Journal, F.F.: I was rudely kidnapped by the rebel and taken to the underground headquarters where I was forced to commit shudders still crawl up my spine when I think of it *unspeakable acts.*

I don't know, Pedro, he looks kind of weak..

Shut up! This man is the messiah of the underground! Without him, we are nothing... unable to negotiate, unable to destroy...

He is, without question, the most beautiful gift we could have asked for...

Man, I don't know...

What do you mean, 'You don't know'?!

Well, sir, it's just that he didn't seem toooo.. **aware** of his importance or even of his accomplishments when I spoke to him in the cell..

Of course not, you fool! He was deliberately masking his identity to prevent being tricked into admitting his guilt!

This man's cunning is without equal...his mental stamina yet to be broken...ooo, he's incredible!

Well, okay...but I think you're going to have a hard time trying to get him to do what you want, that's all...

What do you mean? He'll do it once he sees he's safe

I know he will.

Hey, he's waking up! Open the doors!

clank clank clank

MR. FARLAND: YOU ARE NOT IN DANGER.

Ummm...

READ THIS:

TONIGHT A VICTOR

Oh...uh... 'Tonight is a victory for us all, comrades.'

FOR WE HA BROUGHT THE GOVERNMENT TO ITS KNEES.

'For we have brought the government too. Oh...its knees.'

'With my return to the rebellion following a valiant rescue effort in which many lives were lost...'

Oh, I get it. You guys think I'm a rebel agent ha ha That's funny.

What the hell is he doing?

I don't know.

Well, you've got the wrong guy. I mean, I don't want to spoil your fun or anything, but I think you've made a mistake.

Get up there and stop him!

You might as well all go home.

Pssst

You're not an agent, are you?

What? No, of course not.

What about the note?

The note? **Oh, the note!** Simply a mistake. I meant to dispose of it but-

You better run, dude.

Traitor! Traitor!

Get him!

'Is this enough, daddy?'

It's not just a game for Janie.

She already knows that it's a good idea for her to be paying her own rent, but her smart daddy's got her considering something even more important.

What Janie's father is thinking about is *income taxes.*

Think about it yourself. In a nation built on the compassion of the human heart, what could speak *more* to a little girl than paying her own taxes? Taxes are a way of saying, 'Hey, we're all in the same boat, so let's spread a little sunshine around while we're at it.'

And it's so easy. No one to talk to, no reason to be photographed, fingerprinted, or urinalyzed.

Besides, the advantages for you can be great.

In fact, if you and your family contribute sixty-four percent or more of your income this term and at least half of it comes out of your children's expenses, then you could be eligible to be entered in an exclusive upcoming drawing for a government-approved, family-size, headlight-equipped *deluxe recreational motor cart.*

That's right. Just imagine you and your laughing crew touring the sunny countryside, adventuring into the wilderness time and time again.

And all for just caring enough to share.

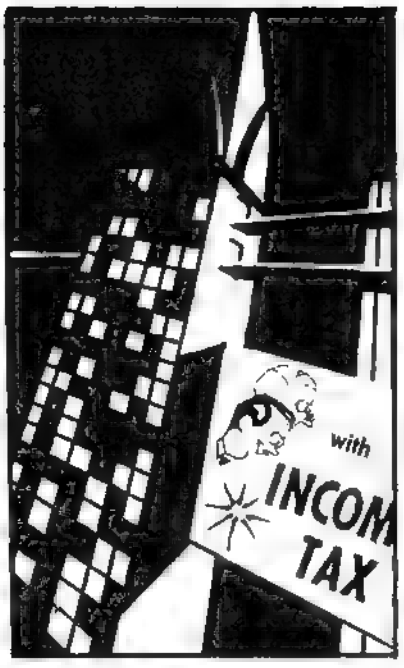
Think about it.

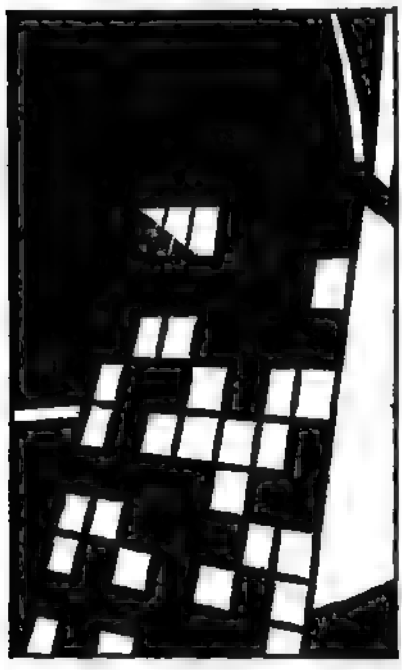
says ED GRANSTON
-noted television entertainer

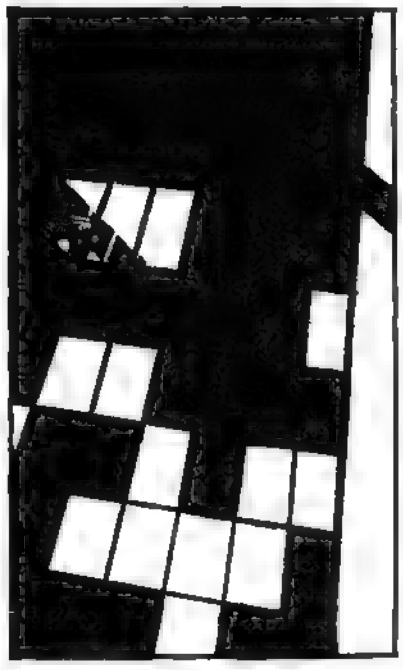
TAXATION
It's a *damn* good idea.

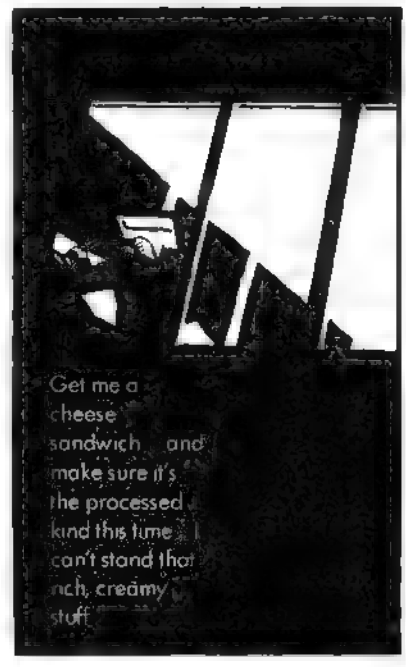
THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PAY

Part two: the resolution.









Is there anything I can help you with, Bill?

Oh, well, no...just came to see how our **star employee** was getting along.

I'm doing just **swell**. And you?

Now there's no need to be sarcastic, Frank. I'm only trying to be friendly.

Why don't you just go home, Bill?

Now, now, Frank, is that any way to talk to the man who's saving you your job? After all, it wouldn't look very good-

You've made your point a thousand times. Go away.

Well, I'm glad to see that at least you understand the **true** nature of our relationship, Frank.

Y'know what? I saw a man doing something on the street today.

And do you know what he was doing? He was eating dog food.

SLAT

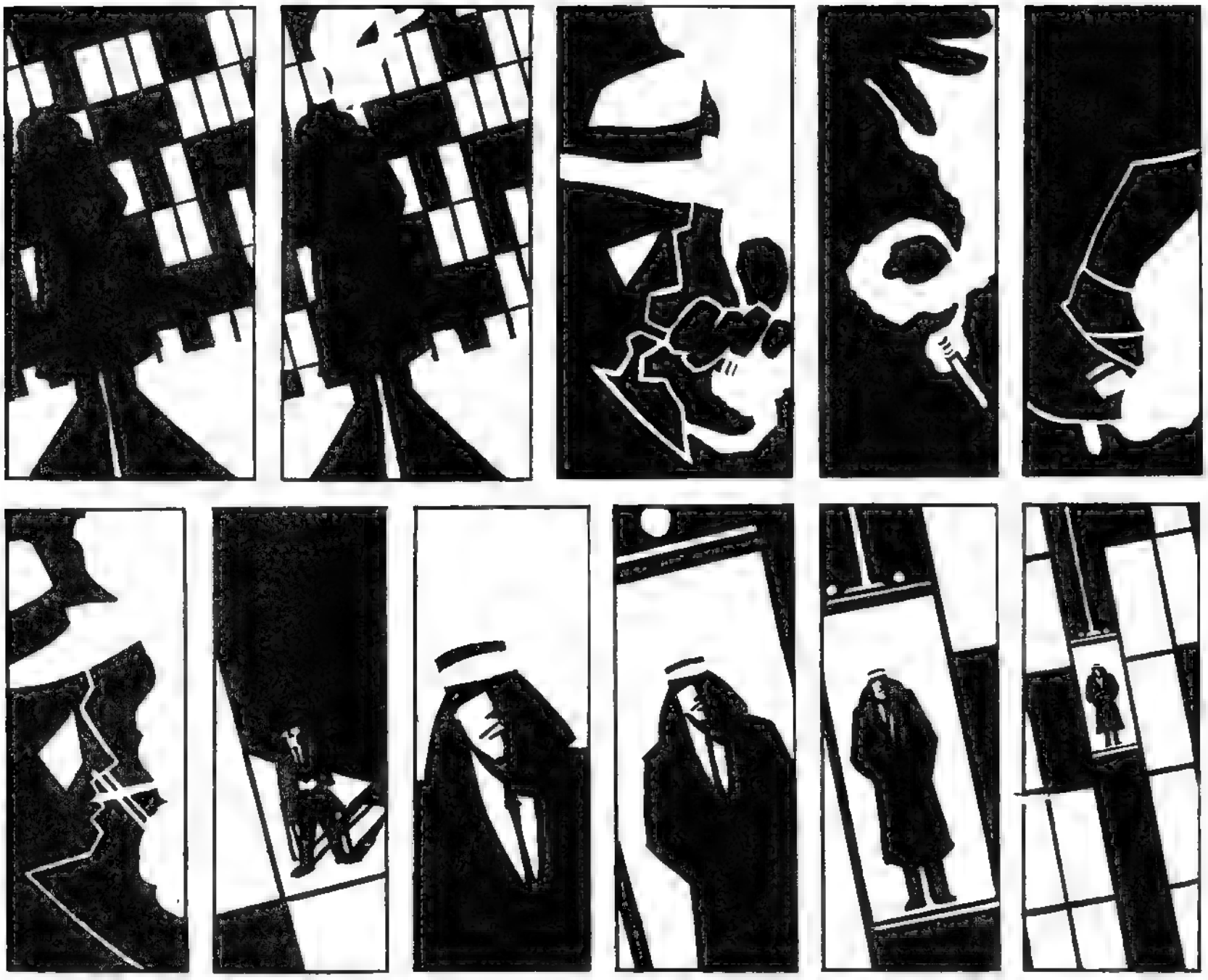
Now, you don't want that to happen to you, do you?

Bye, Frank.

Oh, and why don't you opaque those windows? Creepy, seeing the whole city and all...

slam

I bet no one ever tells **you** to close your windows.



Why am I doing this?

Where have **you** been?

I had a nice night, too, thank you, dear.

You said you'd be home at ten. I've been up waiting.

Actually, dear, I would have stayed **longer** if your pal Bill hadn't come by and written 'slut' in large black letters on my plans.

Thanks to him, I get to start over **again,** for the third time. I'd kill him if I could.

That's why I was worried. He called and all he said was 'Is he home yet?' Then he laughed and hung up.

What a creep. Every night the same damn thing. Maybe I should just quit.

You can't do that! We agreed...you know what would happen.

Oh, that's right, we wouldn't want to stain our great 'socialite reputation' now, would we?

It's not just me I'm thinking of, Frank, it's you too. Really.

Yeah, sure. You and your new sixty thousand dollar sports car.

I don't believe you said that. I'm trying to be giving, understanding–

Then your definition of 'giving' must fall somewhere between 'hopelessly egocentric' and 'moderately sociopathic.'

That's not a fair accusation at al

riiiing ring

Excuse me.

ri ring

And by the way, it wasn't an 'accusation,' it was an 'observation.'

Hello?

Cheese sandwich?

?

?

klik

?

Well, where's my sandwich?

I couldn't get the place. I think it was a wrong number.

beep

Forget it. We're late to the meeting anyway.

Welcome, gentlemen.

We are here today to unveil the incredible operation which will rid our society of the disease and menace known as Floyd Farland.

We assume you know of the great problems this proletarian louse has caused our strong nation. We assume you **don't** know that he is planning an overthrow of our government.

'ELAX...

NO FEAR OF ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN

SOILED MENTS

YES! You Can Afford CEDAR Lined Closets

Farland has been secretly forming a group of subversive guerilla terrorists who are all trained in his unique 'mind fortress' discipline, a program which our experts believe borrows freely from the mind control traditions of the east as well as modern advertising techniques.

They will come into your home

He intends to release these supermen into the industrial environment to brainwash innocent citizens and eventually collect them into a massive army of **thought warriors**. He will then **seize** control of the marketplace and establish a dictatorship.

and abuse your wife and children

It is our job, as the espionage division of this prosperous country, to destroy this demon's plans, plans which would **surely** destroy the free world forever.

Our counterattack is as follo

our agents have **scientifically selected** three men to infiltrate Farland's defenses and act as spies, relaying information to us as they progress.

Even Mom Likes it!

Millions have tried Tastee™ brand Food Paste and they say *'Tastee-M-m-m'*

You'll look far and wide before you find a dish that's more soundly nourishing...and soooooo easy to make!

Four out of five nutritionists recommend Tastee™ brand Food Paste over any of its shoddy imitations. In fact, laboratory tests prove that most doctors use Tastee™ brand themselves! With results like those, who can argue?!

The kids'll love it...Dad'll love it...and *you'll* love it. Spread it on bread, cakes, ice cream, pizza, or just suck it right out of the tube! Any way you go, you'll find yourself saying 'Tastee-m-m-m', too!

says
ED GRANSTON
-noted nutritionist

TASTEE™
It's a damn good idea.

Sometimes I wonder what this city does to people. No one seems to know how to act toward anyone anymore.

Yeah, well, your choice of friends hasn't exactly demonstrated 'careful social consideration.'

ringring

Ah, ha! 'Ham and pimento' this time, perhaps?

ringrin

Hello?

Well, speak of the devil. We were just **talking** about you, Bill.

slam

What's wrong?

Well, your dear hubby has just informed me they've moved the deadline for the project to one week from now. The fun guys in 'espionage' need it now.

Does this mean you've got to go back in **now?**

Oh, yeah. You'd better appreciate it, too. And remember, when this is done, that's it. We're **gone.**

And don't call me. I won't have time to talk.

But what if I get lonely?

Call Bill.

He sounds lonely, too

kliklik

I'm not sure if I've got the right address, but did anyone here order a pizza?

1334.90 hrs.
Agent X34-aa2 status report: The project begins with the recruitment of Bob McPherson, the first in line for the job of government confidant for the 'Find and Destroy Floyd Farland' mission. All is proceeding as planned.

Well, what'd he say?

He didn't. He's been dead for two months. We blew his head off in a restaurant.

Well, I guess that leaves us only one choice, right?

This won't look very good...

Yep.

Okay.
Well, see ya around.

pud

sput

Sometimes I'm almost convinced that I've accidentally died somewhere and woken up in hell.

My girlfriend's a bitch, her husband is bribing me, and here I am having to return to work not two hours after I just left.

And to top it off, some geek tries to push a pizza on me as I'm walking out the door of my own house.

Sometimes I just don't understand anything.

Of course, maybe I'm not supposed to.

But you'd think hell would at least have a snack bar.

klik

Who's there?

Oh, excuse my rudeness, Frank. I didn't mean to **startle** you.

Mmmm. Do you **want** anything, Bill?

I need some way to work in the idea of its advantages to the espionage section of the government; you don't suppose it's in bad taste to mention guerrilla warfare, do you? Anyway, this part is my favorite-

Good. I knew you'd be interested

But since you're here, maybe you can help me with it

I came to practice my dedication speech, and I must have forgotten to knock. How careless.

I really hate you a lot, Bill. You do know that, don't you?

Don't interrupt.

'The *PASTMASTER*, as **I** have named it, will first demonstrate its ability to instantly, and without contradiction, rewrite **all** relevant history banks when Floyd Farland and his massive army of thought warriors are apprehended.'

What? This project is being designed to **refine** data, not **destroy** it

Frank, Frank, Frank. The state has to have it because they're going to be restructuring such large numbers of people. You just don't understand 'efficiency,' do you?

'Floyd Farland.' What a **stupid** name.

slam

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Well, okay, Frank. But just remember the incredible **prestige** involved in this project. Sure is a shame none of it will be yours.

I don't need to know this, Bill Go away.

Personal Log, ex-4563; version 34p96ee: The 'Floyd Farland' case proceeds precisely as I have forseen. No complications. I await news of the first field officer's findings. My promotion seems closer with

beep

Come in.

Sir, the first field officers shot themselves. Should I send out replacement copies with behavioral refinements?

Personal Log: revision...

2723.68 hrs. Agent X34-aa3 status report: The project continues with the recruitment of Joe Smith, second in line for the job of government confidant for the 'Find and Destroy Floyd Farland' mission. All is proceeding as planned.

Okay, Lester. Do it.

BOOM

Uh, can I help you guys with something?

Okay, **scum**, answer all of our questions and we'll only have to pound you into the floor **nicely**! So **no** funny stuff!

Who do you work for?

Mike's House 'O Pizza.

Do you pay your income taxes?

Yes.

Are you a rebel?

No.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

wud

You ever notice what a stupid name 'Floyd Farland' is?

Prison Journal of Smith, Joe.

I have been screwed.

Joe Smith

Joe Smith

Personal Log, ex-4563; version 34r104pp? Potential agent Joe Smith shows a curious aversion to both visual and audial stimulation having anything to do with the person of one Floyd Farland.

Investigation to follow with possible implementation of brain pith.

If Smith is unfit for espionage duty, the final subject will have to be contacted.

This must be the final obstacle.

Goddamn machine.

Listen, all I want is access to my **own** file, not a bunch of government...

klik

What the hell is this? 'Guests to be executed...Your friendly list for 6.28.35.'

k klik

ASTS TO BE EX
nendly list for 6.28.35

Farlick, Bob C.

ASTS TO BE E
nendly list for 6.28.35

Farland, Floyd

Hmmm.

klikity

CLASSIFIED PERSONNEL ONLY.

File: Farland, Floyd F.
Population engineer, third class.

Criminal history: First abducted in The Shifty Eyed Cafe, 403 East Invert ed Circle, approximately 3 p.m., 6.20.35. Arrested on grounds of refus ing to pay check.

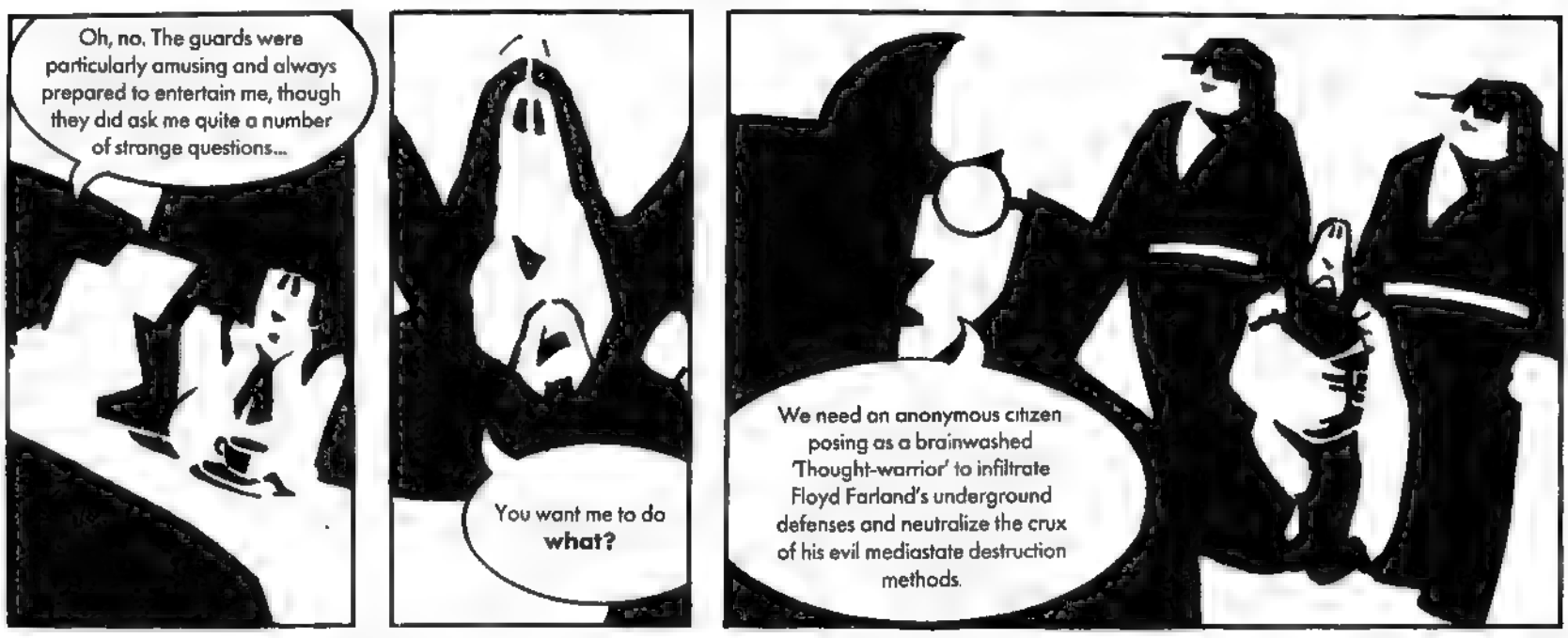
Placed under restraint and put in detention. Very cooperative. Fre quently asked if he was 'causing any problems' and if there was any thing he 'could do to help.'

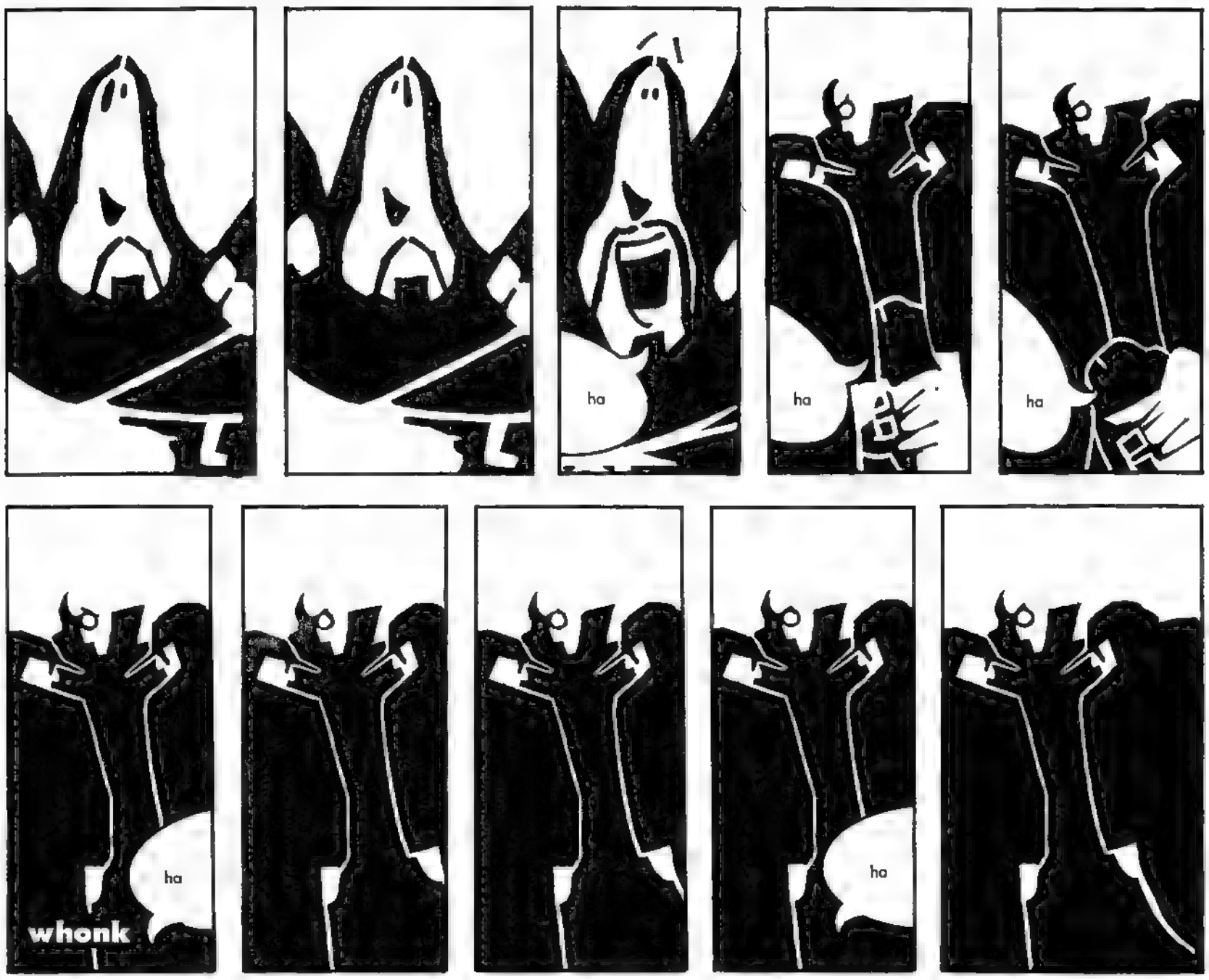
Interrogation revealed nothing of value. Subject seemed to be effec tively controlled by media. All values apparently surrendered to ma nipulation by the state.

However, subject's true subversive intent was revealed when a secret rebel communication was found on person.

First prisoner to undergo 'mindrape' treatment. Surprisingly, no measurable effect.

Following interrogation, subject moved to maximum security cell


Oh, no. The guards were particularly amusing and always prepared to entertain me, though they did ask me quite a number of strange questions...
You want me to do **what?**
We need an anonymous citizen posing as a brainwashed 'Thought-warrior' to infiltrate Floyd Farland's underground defenses and neutralize the crux of his evil mediastate destruction methods.



I thought everything was fine until a subversive agent somehow found his way into my cell.

I didn't know what to do.

Increase frequency seventeen cycles.

I was afraid they would think that I was in some way associated with him...

So I yelled out in desperation.

Oh, **no**...

He tried to convince me that he was friendly.

So that's it! He's a **thought-warrior!**

What?

He's been programmed to make us think that he's not one of Farland's agents, don't you see? We'll **never** get anything out of him!

And then, without warning, he rudely abducted me and transported me to what I believe was the rebel headquarters...

This is ridiculous and insulting. Turn it off...his brain is gone forever. He's useless to us.

I was forced to give a speech praising the rebels. It was at this time that it occurred to me that the whole episode had been a mistake.

And then everyone tried to kill me.

'Disappearance from cell 6.29.35. See also files *Farland, Floyd. Guerrilla Warfare; Farland, Floyd. Brainwashing techniques and subversive activities.*'

klik klik

Hmph.

I don't **want** to know why I'm doing this project if it's for something so disgusting..

Wiping out a whole political sect led by some geek named 'Floyd.'

Screw this job...

I thought that it was the end...

Until a strange thing happened I felt myself being pulled away from the crowd

And this is the truly incredible part of the story!

The subversive rescue agent had saved me.

Wow Why did he do that?

I don't know Perhaps he felt that he was responsible for what had happened...

That's certainly an odd story...

I like to think so.

But there's still something I don't understand.

If everyone still thinks that you're some kind of subversive agent or something, then how did you get a job at a pizza parlor?

Oh, the rebel got me the job. He works there

Mike.

House O' Pizza

Oh, and.. ha ha.. he made me change my name.

Now everyone calls me 'Frank Masterson.'

Frank Masterson? No. You're **not** serious.

Yes, I am. Both of the others are worthless to us, sir.

Why? How are they 'worthless,' EC-128?

The first one is dead and the second one is brainwashed, sir.

Brainwashed?

Yes, sir. He was planted by Farland to confuse us.

What?

Well, if he's a 'Thought-warrior,' then why don't you sift his mind?

It won't do any good, sir, because his entire memory's been destroyed and replaced by a fiction manufactured by Farland himself

You're sure about this?

I'll wager my entire career on it, sir.

Good, because that's exactly what you're doing.

beep

Yes, sir. I understand, sir.

Oh, hello, Mr. Secretary. Please excuse me for **just** a moment.

Now **leave,** and don't come back until you've got what you promised.

Yes, Mr. Secretary?

Proceed by contacting the third subject.

I **swear,** sir. I've got the situation under control. I've done all the paperwork. I know that a lot of money's being

That's my **boyfriend's** name.

Your **boyfriend's** name is 'Frank Masterson,' too?

Wow, I sure didn't plan it that way.

I unders**slam**

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU? I KNOW YOU'RE HERE! WHERE ARE YOU?

stomp
stomp
stomp

Oh, **no...**

Ah, **ha!** I knew you'd be here, **waiting** for him to come home...

Well, when he gets here I'm gonna

I'm gonna

WHP

Um, perhaps I'd better leave...

What?

Oh, yes. Uh...How much for the pizza?

Gosh, free of charge. But are you sure your boyfriend is going to be all right?

Who? Oh, this isn't my boyfriend.

This is my **husband.**

five foot two
eyes of blue

McRonald's
OVER 3 TRILLION POISONED

but oh what those five foot can do
has anybody seen my girl?

kliklik

klik

klik

fssss

CHEESE SANDWICH

PROC CHEESE SANDWICH

100% p

PROCESS CHEESE SANDWICH

100% pure

PROCESS CHEESE SANDWICH

What? How was **I** supposed to know the address?

...you didn't **tell** me to look...how come **he** didn't know, anyway? It's his job to-

Oh, great. Just **great.**

What?

There's **two** Frank Mastersons listed here

Oh, no. What're we gonna do?

Residence of Masterson, F May I help you?

You sure about that, punk?

Why, **yes,** of **course.** That's the name on the door, isn't it?

Look...I've even got my ID right here with me...

look, see

whud

This is it. Now's the time to do it.

Yeah

Now open your eyes and go tell her.

...no more bribery, no more government work.

...tell her and that'll be it.

No more government work

...that'll be it.

klik

That'll be

it?

Frank, behind you-

Where you going, boy?

Um, I-i—i-

Okay, Lester, go get the girl, and I'll handle this wimp.

Hey, get out of my house!

Don't talk to us like that, man.

What? What's going on? I'm a taxpaying citizen!

I'm a government worker! There must be some mistake-

Hey, Chester! You wanna take this guy, too? He doesn't smell too good.

Yeah, he looks pretty suspicious. Club 'im one.

whud

...won't even-

You come with us.

urp

OLICE
US GOVERNMENT

B-I-N-- - --

...And Bingo was his name, O...

Oh, hideeho. Should I move over?

Well, why does everybody look so down?

C'mon. Cheer up. It's not that bad.

Who is this pinhead?

Frank, he's just trying to be nice.

Just trying to be nice? Just trying to be nice? This is **prison**, understand? People **die** here!

Now what is that supposed to mean? You don't even know **why** we're here, so you-

Oh, I think I've got a pretty good idea...

I don't think you've even got the slightest inkling...

Shut up! And who the hell are **you,** anyway?

Ask the geek. He knows everything.

Actually..

...I think you'll find very soon that **I** do

And who in Christ's name is **this?**

I suggest you control your belligerency, citizen, petulance is not an admired characteristic of prisoners.

But...

I have viewed your respective files. Most of you seem to know each other, correct?

I don't know anyone here.

Oh, but you **do,** Mr. Masterson. Or have you already forgotten your little 'friendship' with Mr. Snitt's wife?

What? There's no way-

There are many ways, Mr. Masterson. One of which is Mr. Snitt's personal computer file.

And speaking of Mr. Snitt, whose presence here is certainly unexpected..

...you are one of our finest workers, you know. I don't think you realize that we have been secretly constructing the PASTMASTER historical reorganization device simultaneously as you have been designing it...

I'm sure you're aware of the importance of this project, thus, it is your duty to simply complete your plans and supervise post-production in our presence

Then we will test the device on you and your 'group.' Quite an honor, I would say

Except for you, Mr. Masterson. You have been chosen to have the glorious-

Hell. I don't want any part of it. Kill me now.

I see. Well, no matter. I had foreseen this. We can still accomplish our ends without your aid.

And **you,** citizen. Your face seems familiar, but you cannot possibly-

Excuse me, sir, but I think I can clear this whole misunderstanding up by using... well...just a little bit of good old-fashioned honesty...

You see, my name's not really what you think it is.

I'm really Floyd Farland. Remember? You sifted my brain once, a couple of months ago.

I changed my name because some people were trying to kill me.

I'm really sorry. It wasn't my idea, actually-

GUARDS, BEAT THIS MAN BRUTALLY FOR DARING TO TRY TO CONFUSE ME!

Now, has anyone else got any 'confessions' to make?

Hey-

Do you understand? I want only the **truth**!

pud

splort

Mr. Snitt, you will please come with me. We have called up your plans and established a monitored work area in which you may complete them.

stomp stomp stomp

pud pud

The rest of you will remain collectively detained in this cell until the time comes, courtesy of Mr. Snitt, for your termination

You may stop now, guards.

I suppose you'll all find an infinite cell quite disturbing enough

klink tink

Ahhh! Sure feels good to be free of those chains!

Ohhh.

Frank! Why didn't you tell him? You could have saved us!

Nooo...I couldn't have done a thing.

Hey, anyone notice a snack bar anywhere around here?

jesus christ, I don't understand a thing

about

this

god,

god, why didn't

I just do

it myself?

because I can't. jerk.

jerk.

jerkjerkjerkjerk

inept

I can't do

anything

I drink too much and I lost my wife to a guy

now I'm

shut up!

shut up! You'll never get

anything done this way.

cool down

calm

relax

there must be some way this can turn to Your advantage.

analyze the situation.

remember the facts.

check Your premises.

yeah. yeah. there's always a way out.

You're smarter than they are.

You **know**, right?

Why? **Why?** What did we **do?**

Nothin', man, nothin'. Nobody ever does **anything.**

Then why are we here? What's going to happen to us?

I said it before, lady. Ask the geek. He knows everything.

What? Oh, I don't know. I'm sure it's just another misunderstanding that'll be ironed out quicker than we can all say 'Rumplestiltsk

pud

Is this guy ignorant or is he just stupid?

So, you see, the plan itself is not at all a failure. Even though the primary operation failed to gestate, the second will accomplish not only its own ends, but also those of the first.

Case in point: Mr. Snitt will complete the project and eliminate himself and and his group from our history.

It will then be within our capability to erase all information which in any way is linked to Farland and his guerilla movement, effectively immobilizing him **forever.**

Hmph. I fail to see how erasure of information will immobilize a movement, EC-128.

Well...it has to, doesn't it? Isn't that what this government is about?

Well, uh.. yes, it is. Right, sir?

What? Oh, quite. That's what I've been telling you all along, SG-693.

Yes, sir. I remember now, sir

Continue with our plan as scheduled, EC-128

I know what he's going to do. He's going to change the program so we're all saved.

You know, it's **your** ignorance that got me into this whole thing in the first place. He's been planning this from the start.

No one's doing nothin', like I already said, man.

I'm doing something, Joe

What, man?

I'm thinking about a nice, big slice of apple pie.

that's it. You've got it. just connect that wire there.

and snip that one there.

put the blue plug into the red socket

Well, I for one think he's going to save us.

and connect that yellow one

with the blue one

It's in his heart. It's in **everyone's** heart

that's it ..that must be it.

that's it. You've got it.

one

You don't understand anything, do you?

one flip of the switch

of the switch

Nobody understands nothin', man. Nothin', man, I say.

and You're

free

Ed Granston understands **everything,** Joe

What? I don't get you, man.

Of course I do. I understand that somehow, someway, we'll get out of this.

You're nothing Zero. Your brain is fried

How? How can you believe something so ridiculous like that? There's no proof!

I just don't get it, man.

You didn't have any 'proof' you were going to be safe when you finished the project

How can you be you? What does it take?

Still, you believed you were

I don't understand what you mean, Joe.

Yeah, but that was different I would've gone-

You **didn't.** But if you hadn't thought you were, everything else would've fallen apart.

No, I don't suppose you can.

Dearest honored guests of the government-

Today, I must ask your congratulations for your friend and fellow Bill Snitt...

...who has successfully completed, after days of exacting work, the PASTMASTER historical reorganization device.

I am sure that all of you understand the magnitude of this achievement, and I would allow you to properly reflect upon the implications of the matter, but, as you are about to cease to exist...

...this opportunity seems an impossibility.

I understand that Mr. Snitt had prepared a dedication speech, but, unfortunately, neither time nor my patience permits its presentation

However...

I have chosen to begin this demonstration not with the erasure of yourselves, as had orginally been planned..

...but with, shall we say, a 'test file'?

Gosh.

I trust you are all suitably relieved, if only for a short time.

Therefore, without further delay, I present to you the true power of the

government

in its

purest

form

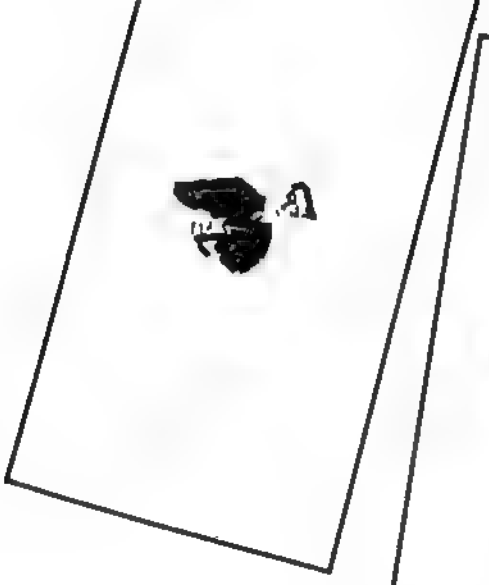
No, wait

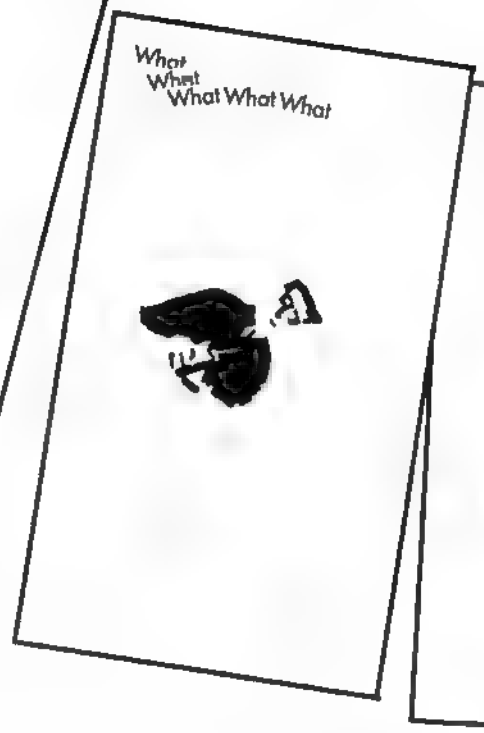
chunk

Get all the News!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ting




What
What
What What What

What happened?

What happened? Was
that supposed to
happen?

Get that off the screen!

Didn't you hear me? Get
that off the screen!

Find another file. Find
my file.

Did you hear me? Find
my file!

What's wrong? Can't you
get anything else?

Find my file, you
imbecile! Get away from
that terminal!

Oh, no...

The time is the future.

Technology and overpopulation have gripped the genitalia of society

Kitchenware, artificial sweeteners, and income taxes light the road to truth.

[illegible] hides behind this facade of indulgence, [illegible]

[illegible] totalitarian state is able to make the [illegible] desire anything

Or so it supposes

Organizing into [illegible] collectively as 'The Underground,' the 'common man' is ready to strike out at any moment..

[illegible] Floyd Farland

Happy in his job as government population engineer, Floyd contents himself with his plastic way of life

Floyd believes all that the government tells him, even if he directly contradicts himself

Floyd's mind has been washed away in a barrage of media deception and programmed ignorance

Floyd is happy

His story is all that is left

And he already knows the ending

about the author

'My son, the artist.'

Now that I think back on it, that tag has been applicable to Chris since he was no more than a year and a half old, traceable to an episode of what can only be termed profound significance for both of us, and which will be reported subsequently.

Art as an obsession didn't manifest itself until he was maybe four, however. That was when he began drawing, drawing seemingly constantly.

He drew while in the pediatrician's office, on car trips, at the breakfast table, and on his school papers to the extent that his second-grade teacher once described the habit as 'distracting and detrimental to his schoolwork.'

He asked for art lessons at a local museum when he was five. After two or three years, one of his teachers was impressed enough with his efforts that he asked me if I would object to Chris joining an adult life-drawing class. I didn't, but the museum did, muttering something about small boys in a room with unclothed models.

At eight, Chris was invited to exhibit some of his work for sale at the Omaha Old Market Arts Festival. Among the pieces displayed, and sold, was a simple, parallel depiction of a comic book character.

He had been drawing such characters for some time, even making his own comic books after careful study of the several hundred he had collected. While I was starting to grasp the notion of an artistic future for Chris, cartooning and comic books somehow escaped me.

Yet, as he entered high school, there was no doubt what direction he was headed. He took whatever good art classes were offered and, as a senior, drew a regular strip for the school paper.

Now 19 and a sophomore in fine arts at the University of Texas at Austin, he draws a double-tier daily strip for the campus newspaper, *The Daily Texan,* where he also does illustrations and has been art director.

Chris approaches all his work with the full-blown enthusiasm that was burgeoning from the time he was, well, come to think of it, 18 months old.

That story is a delicate matter but one to which I truly believe I can refer if anyone asks: 'Just when did Chris first show any interest in art?'

It was a weekend morning. Chris awakened well before I chose to get out of bed, but in keeping with his usual early-morning behavior, sang and played in his crib while I went back to sleep.

Later, he cheerily greeted me as I entered his room, pointed to the far end of the crib, and said: 'Look, look! Picture!'

Sure enough, it was a picture; a finger painting, really, on the headboard. He was exceptionally proud of it. I don't recall exactly what it was.

I do, unfortunately, remember the medium.

I'm glad he moved on to ink and comic books.

-Chris' mom

from the author

My first inclination in writing this note was to do some kind of pseudo-intellectual dissection of *Floyd Farland*, clarifying any elusive ideas I viewed as pertinent which ended up buried in the final 'take.' I realized that this approach, however, would (number one) be excruciatingly boring to the reader and (number two) would serve only to illuminate quite clearly any faults still inherent in the story rather than to explain any ambiguities. Therefore, I'm going to talk about something completely different.

So.

Floyd Farland-citizen of the future first appeared in the summer of 1986 as a strip in *The Daily Texan*, the campus newspaper of the University of Texas at Austin, where it continued to flounder once a week until it died, quite recently in fact, in late spring of this year. Thus, the space between each page in the book you now hold represents a week of 'lapse-time' between the episodes as they originally appeared. Because of this transpositional distortion (strip to book), I had originally intended to suggest to the new reader that he ingest only one page of this work per week, effectively simulating the 'newspaper experience'; of course, no one would probably do this, and even if one tried, he or she would probably lose interest quickly. Nine months to read a comic book?

So rather than suggest such a taxing endeavor, much of the story has been redrawn, rewritten, and reconstituted to provide *you*, the reader, with an uninterrupted narrative flow and *unique cartoon experience*.

I hope it works. And if it doesn't, then you can give it away to your little nephew as a coloring book. I wish him the best of luck.

-Chris Ware

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